

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Vol. 31, No. 4

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Whole No. 367



DIME NOVEL SKETCHES No. 43

FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS OF AMERICA

One of Frank Leslie's best boys' story papers. Began October 1873 and lasted 58 monthly issues to June 1878. It contained 64 pages, plus a colored cover, all for the price of 15c each or \$1.50 for a year's subscription. It was profusely illustrated. Size $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$. It contained serials, short stories, sketches, jokes, games, etc., most reprinted from Boys of England and other Brett publications.

Arietta: Heroine of Wild West Trails

By J. Edward Leithead

I was going to title this article "The Dashing Young Deadshot," a phrase of Cornelius Shea's describing his unforgettable hero—that will be remembered by all who were Wild West Weekly readers. Then I thought, why not give Young Wild West's sweetheart, Arietta, some belated publicity. She well deserves it, for she was a prominent member of the supporting cast of Cheyenne Charlie, Jim Dart and Hop Wah.

Many dime novels, especially those published by Street & Smith and Frank Tousey, carried a certain amount of love interest. Frank Merriwell's romance with Inza Burrage and Elsie Bellwood terminated with his marriage to Inza. Dick Merriwell and June Arlington were very much in love and should have been married in Tip Top. There were various girls in the life of young Diamond Dick, but none equal to Belle Bellair, created by George C. Jenks, and Belle vanished after Jenks stopped writing these stories.

In the Buffalo Bill Stories, many girls were introduced, settlers' daughters, daughters of cavalry colonels, daughters of cattle ranchers, sometimes (in stories by Ingraham) lady gamblers, but all, or nearly all, usually needing rescue from Indians or outlaws and not even a hint of romance. The nearest approach to that was when W. Bert Foster thought up the blonde Arizona ranch girl, Dell Dauntless of the "Double D", and paired her off with Cody for eight stories. Nick Carter apparently loved but one woman in his life time, his wife, Ethel (created by John R. Coryell in the first Nick Carter serial and killed off by Fred Dey during Nick's chase of Dazaar):

yet there were countless ladies in bad with the law who fell for him despite his police badge, notably one Zanoni, associate of Dr. Quartz.

Romance blossomed in Secret Service after Alice Montgomery joined Old and Young King Brady in the Brady Detective Bureau, and Harry Brady was constantly urging Alice to set a date for their marriage, but she always replied that she was still too much interested in her profession of lady detective to settle down. In Work and Win, Fred Fearnot had his sweetheart, Evelyn; in the Liberty Boys of '76, Captain Dick Slater and Lieutenant Bob Estabrook were, I believe, each in love with the other's sister: Young Wide Awake, the fireman, had a sweetheart whom he rescued at least once from a bad fire; Edith Welton was the girl who went north with Nat Golden, Dick Luckey and the "Great Unknown" in Young Klondike, and "Nugget Nell" Andrews was "Klondike Kit" Cummings' heart interest in Klondike Kit Library. Dorothy Dare was the girl in Three Chums, and My Queen, authored by Laurana W. Sheldon under nom. "Grace Shirley", had as its heroine Marion Marlowe and was, as the masthead states, "A Weekly Journal for Young Women" but lasted only 30 issues.

Hardly an issue of Pluck and Luck but had a girl in it, though always a different one, since each story was complete in itself. Bowery Billy had a girl friend, Edith, who was anxious that she should have a better education, improve himself. Ted Strong was interested in Louise Rossiter, Kate Lamont and Daisy Miller in the early issues of Rough Rider Weekly, but when

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Stella Fosdick, the girl pard, came along, there was nobody else but Stella. And she was the only girl who could be considered a serious rival of Arietta Murdock in the number of times her name appeared in sub-titles and her picture on the covers.

Arietta was in the first number of Wild West Weekly (Wild rescuing her from a band of marauding Sioux on his sorrel stallion, Spitfire), and she was in the last original story, No. 644, one of that series of 12 in which Wild and his Wild West show are caught in the European War, her name appearing in two of the 12 sub-titles, Nos. 641 and 643. Beginning in 1902, Wild West Weekly was published continuously until 1927, with a total of 1296 numbers, for reprints, from No. 2 of the weekly onward, started with No. 645.

A checkup shows that Arietta's name was used 13 times in sub-titles from No. 1 to 100, 45 times between 101 and 200, 50 times between 201 and 300, 48 times between 301 and 400, 49 times between 401 and 500, 50 times between 501 and 600, and between 601 and 644, 16 times. She was prominent in many stories which did not bear her name, and appeared on about 80% of the covers. And believe me, that artist of Tousey's knew how to draw a pretty girl.

There were two other females in Young Wild West's entourage, but neither had prominent roles to play like Arietta. One was Mrs. Charles Watson (Anna, the wife of Cheyenne Charley, whose surname "Watson" is given in No. 376, Young Wild West After the Death Dealers, wherein an uncle he'd never seen before shows up and tells the ex-Government scout and Indian fighter about the family name, among other things); the other young woman was Eloise Gardner, Jim Dart's sweetheart and once a circus performer.

Let's see how Cornelius Shea describes his golden-haired heroine, whose grandfather, Sam Murdock, was postmaster of the mining town of Weston in the Black Hills.

"She was a native of the Wild West (Wyoming) and she could shoot a rifle or revolver with the skill of the average cowboy or man of the border. Arietta was an expert with a horse, too, and no matter how vicious a broncho might be, if it had ever been ridden before she could handle it."

Charming and beautiful, she was a wildcat when cornered. Here is a good sample of how Arietta could take her own part (she had learned coolness from Young Wild West as well as how to shoot):

The story is Young Wild West and "Rawhide Ralph," or, The Worst Cowboy in Texas, No. 304 of Wild West Weekly, dated August 14, 1908. "Wild, with his partners and the girls, had dropped down to Buckhorn Ranch on the Rio Grande (owned by Wild), to spend a week or two." Presidio County was having its troubles with a "tough lot of cowboys." One, called Rawhide Ralph, boasted of being "the worst cowboy in Texas." His nickname derived from the fact he had once taken revenge on a Mexican rustler by skinning a cow shot by the latter, tying him in the green hide and leaving him in the blazing sun to be squeezed to death as the heat shrank the rawhide. Such a man was fit leader for the renegade cowpunchers loose in the district, and a neighboring cattleman appealed to Wild for help, telling him of another rancher, Joel Peters, who just the day before had his ranch burned and got a bullet in the shoulder for discharging two cowboys for habitual drunkenness and neglect of range work. It has got so that a ranch owner dare not discharge a hand without risk of being burned out or having his cattle stampeded.

Apparently the sheriff is unable to cope with the situation, and, in due time, Wild, Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart are sworn in as deputies. It isn't long before Wild encounters Rawhide Ralph, and in a bone-bruising fight wins a victory and the deadly enmity of "the worst cowboy." Young Wild West thrived on this sort of thing. He was the nemesis of bad white men and scalp-hungry Indians. But often

there were complications, as in this instance.

While Wild and his partners were off with the sheriff, the three girls, Arietta Murdock, Anna Watson and Eloise Gardner, not wishing to stay idle at Buckhorn Ranch while their men folks were trail riding, decided to visit a neighboring ranch, though they didn't know the people very well, and to surprise Wild, Charlie and Jim when they came by with the posse. "They (the girls) covered quite a distance without seeing anything but the natural wildness of the country . . . Then they came in sight of a big herd of longhorn cattle such as are raised in that section."

"I wonder who they belong to?" Arietta remarked, as she shaded her eyes with her hand and looked at the cattle (too far away for her to read the brand).

"Possibly to the ranch we are making for," Eloise answered.

"That might be. Well, we'll keep right on, anyhow. We are over half way, I think."

But they had taken a wrong turn in the road, and were actually "heading for the ranch of Joel Peters that had been burned by Rawhide Ralph and his villainous followers. It was not until they reached the ruins that they realized they must have made a mistake, but it was easy for them to guess that this was what was left of the ranch they had heard Juniper telling about."

Arietta wonders aloud where the wounded ranchman, Peters, and his family are.

"There is no place for them to stop, unless it is the little building out there," said Anna, pointing to what must have been the shanty where the wagons and implements of the ranch were stored. The girls rode up to it " . . . and hoofbeats announced the approach of riders; and one look at the beat-up condition of the leader convinced Arietta that he had been in contact with Young Wild West's flint-hard fists. She had seen other "bad men" look the same after Wild had worked them over with his usual vigor.

Rawhide Ralph instantly suspected who she was.

"This is Young Wild West's gal, I'll bet!"

He had reason to hate Wild and anyone belonging to him. It was Rawhide Ralph's inning. The girls, led by Arietta, make a desperate try at riding out of this trap, but the odds of eleven renegade cowboys prove too great. Arietta is lassoed but not pulled out of the saddle. All the girls' rifles are taken, but they aren't tied. Rawhide Ralph, thrusting his repulsive face close to Arietta's, suggests that, since he has marked Young Wild West for death, he himself might be a good substitute husband. "Arietta shuddered in spite of herself." She wasn't losing her nerve—oh, no; just playing for time and figuring their chances of escaping. "The girls were seated on a long bench that ran along one end of the shanty, and most of the men were between them and the door."

The idea of a marriage—a mock marriage—had caught on with some of the cowboys, and one "Johnny Cole took a notion to make a search about the ruins. It was not long before he discovered a bandbox near the scene of the fire, and opening it, found a high silk hat in pretty good condition. He laughed and put it on.

"I say, Johnny," said one of the men who had followed him. "I reckon you'd make a fine dominie to marry Ralph to the gal. Keep the hat on, and we'll see what he says about it."

"Good!" was the reply. "Maybe I can find somethin' more around here. Hello! here's an old trunk. We'll see what's in it."

"The trunk was found to contain the wearing apparel of a man. Ranchman Peters at one time must have been fond of dressing, for there was a black suit of clothing in the trunk, as well as other things supposed to be worn on special occasions.

"Jest you wait," said Cole with a grin. "I'll fix myself up and give Ralph and the rest a surprise. You come over here and help me rig up, Hank."

"The suit of clothes was a trifle too big for Cole, but that was a good

fault, he declared, as he liked plenty of room . . . when Cole entered with the man called Hank, the cowboys in the shanty looked amazed, but, recognizing him, broad grins showed on their faces . . . Cole kept a straight face and bowed to the assemblage . . . At first the girls thought he was a clergyman, but when the cowboys began laughing and calling him by name they understood what was up. Anna and Eloise began trembling." Not so Arietta. "Don't go too far with your fun!" she blazed at Rawhide.

"I reckon there won't be no fun about it," retorted Ralph."

He was right. Trouble developed over Anna and Eloise, who should claim them. Rawhide Ralph ruled that his henchmen draw lots. One Jack Hudson, drunker or more stubborn than the others, stood against him, pulling his gun on the leader.

"Would you shoot me, Jack?" Rawhide said, after a short silence.

"Try me and see," was the reply.

"Well, I ain't goin' to try you. Take the gal you want, and let it go at that."

"The rebellious villain dropped his revolver into the holster, no doubt feeling that he had won. But he was mistaken. He had no sooner taken a step toward Eloise when there was a flash and a report and down he went to the floor, bleeding from a bullet hole in the side.

"That's the way you win, Jack!" Rawhide Ralph said, as he stood over Hudson with smoking revolver.

"It was horrifying to the girls, but considering what the villain had been up to, it was better that he should die.

"Now, then," said Rawhide, as he slipped his revolver back in the holster. "Jest get that carcass out of here. The two gals I don't want is free to go!"

It seemed to him the best move to prevent the spread of rebellion and more gunfights. "The body was removed from the shanty while there was yet life in it, and then Rawhide Ralph nodded to the girls and pointed to the door.

"All but my bride-to-be can go," he

said. "Go and fetch Young Wild West and his pards here, so we can clean 'em up. That's what we want. Fetch along the sheriff, too. We'll clean out the whole lot of 'em."

"Anna and Eloise stepped toward the door, hardly believing the evidence of their own ears. They were free and the villain told them to do the very thing they so much wanted to do—go and find Young Wild West and his partners.

"They were no sooner out of the shanty than Arietta drew her revolver and leaped for the door (she toted a hideout gun in her buckskin jacket). Johnny Cole quickly barred her way. Crack! It was for her life the girl was fighting now, and she did not hesitate to drop the villain dead in his tracks. Before the body struck the floor she was out of the shanty. Her horse was within twenty feet of the door, and calling for her companions to mount and ride away, she sprang to the spot and leaped into the saddle.

"It was all done so quickly that the gang in the shanty scarcely realized it until she was mounted. Arietta was taking desperate chances, for she fully believed that they would not hesitate to shoot her down. They came out of the building with a rush just as Anna and Eloise got mounted.

"Come back!" yelled Rawhide Ralph, flourishing his six-shooter. "You ain't goin' to get away!"

"Just then the clatter of hoofs sounded near at hand, and turning their gaze toward the woods, the renegade cowboys saw three riders coming. One of them was well ahead of the others, and he was mounted on a sorrel stallion."

That sorrel stallion was enough to identify both horse and rider; the former would be called Spitfire, the latter would be a handsome youth in silk-fringed buckskins, his long chestnut hair hanging over broad shoulders—Young Wild West, the Prince of the Saddle and Champion Deadshot of the West! The other riders would be his inseparable companions, Cheyenne Charlie (long black hair, sweeping mustache) and Jim Dart (short-haired,

younger than Charlie). How many, many times that trio had ridden to the rescue in the spirited novels by Cornelius Shea, who surely hung up some kind of a record by writing 644 of them and never a reprint in that long, long run.

But I believe that Arietta would have got away that day—Anna and Eloise also—without help. No hesitation, no girlish squeamishness about shooting to kill when she had to, no conscience-stricken aftermath, which marked Arietta as so different from pallid heroines of Western fiction who, even though fighting for their lives or in a good cause, seldom more than wounded a human target, if they hit him at all or didn't down his horse instead. In Arietta Murdock Cornelius Shea presented the type of girl who helped to win the West.

Rawhide Ralph didn't die that day. He lived to hang. He and his gang, reduced to seven, took refuge in a barn in the last chapter. Wild and his partners, with Hop Wah, the clever Chinaman, were in the hay-mow and half a ton of hay was dumped on the outlaws on the floor below. And while they were struggling out of it, Wild and his partners, coming down the ladder from the loft, captured them bloodlessly.

Cornelius Shea wisely never departed from adventures in the Old West (except the dozen stories toward the end about World War I), or possibly it was editorial policy (Lu Senarens) that kept him matching Wild, Charlie and Jim (with help from Arietta and Hop) against marauding Indians, cattle thieves, road agents, train and bank robbers, gunfighters, claim jumpers, smugglers — and grizzly bears. There are several stories about hunting grizzlies.

In No. 47, Wild captures Sitting Bull (cover illustration very good) and in No. 108 he is helping in "The Last Stand of the Cavalry" at the Little Big Horn (with another Class A cover illustration). He guided wagon trains in No. 81, Young Wild West's Prairie Pioneers, or, Fighting the Way to the Golden Loop, No. 303, Young Wild

West and the Pioneers, or, Fighting Their Way to Grizzly Gulch (quite different stories in spite of a slight similarity in titles), and No. 439, Young Wild West's Fight at the Forks, or, Arietta and the Lost Emigrant Train. He discovered a lost tribe of Indians in No. 365, Young Wild West and the Choctaw Chief, or, The Hidden Valley and the Lost Tribe (very fine cover picture).

Arietta herself was a good hand at rescue work when, as happens to the best of fighting men sometimes, Wild would find himself in a tight place. Of course, Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart usually were the ones to lend a helping hand, or get helped in their turn, for this party of eight struck pay dirt in gold, silver or "excitement and adventures" wherever they roved in the Wild West. In one instance of her engaged in rescue work, Arietta (on the cover) is hurling a spark-trailing dynamite stick into a chasm as Wild is spread-eagled, bound and helpless, against the face of a cliff behind her; in another (on the cover) the scene is that of an Indian raid, with Wild tied to a stake, and Arietta in the act of jumping across a wide hole in the ground in an effort to effect Wild's release, the gathered red-skin raiders staring in surprise at her prodigious leap (a good reproduction of this was on the front cover of Dime Novel Roundup dated November 15, 1961); in another, Arietta is crouched behind a boulder, banging away with her six-shooter at a file of outlaws leading the hand-tied Wild across an open stretch of ground; in another, she is riding like mad at the head of a posse to overtake Mexican raiders hauling Wild up a hillside; in another she is saving her own life in an Indian village, as, on her knees, with a Sioux brave bunching her yellow hair in one hand and lifting a tomahawk in the other, she produces from her buckskin jacket a token (of friendship) given her by Sitting Bull himself, and Wild, again hitched to a stake, is watching anxiously from a background dotted with tepees (one of the best pictures in the whole series); in an-

other, with Wild and Jim Dart seated, bound, on a log nearby, and the villain of the piece on hands and knees, his attention riveted to an open chest on the ground that reflects the glitter of treasure within, Arietta is bending sideways, sliding her hand carefully over to pull the outlaw's gun from holster. In another—but I can't cover them all, there were so many.

Hop Wah, too—he drew trouble to himself like a magnet—was a skilled escape artist. Although he couldn't hit the side of a barn with a gun, he was as full of tricks as a pet coyote. With home-made fireworks, a rubber snake, a paper parasol and many similar trappings, he could create timely havoc at a critical moment that was almost as effective as a cavalry charge. Hop liked whiskey and he liked poker. He sometimes bragged about his "smart uncle in China," and he would add, "Me allee samee like my uncle." But he could make that brag good, nine times out of ten.

Well, they are gone but by no means forgotten, are Young Wild West, his

sweetheart and the rest of that adventure-seeking party, who afforded me countless golden hours of reading pleasure.

The End

I want to buy good condition copies of: Buffalo Bill Stories #211
Diamond Dick Weekly #475, 523, 558,
559, 560, 566.

J. Edward Leithead

5109 Cedar Ave., Philadelphia 43, Pa.

Back numbers Reckless Ralph's Dime Novel Roundup, Nos. 1 to 237 for sale. Some reprints, all interesting, 12 for \$1.00 or all 237 numbers for \$18.00 postpaid.

Ralph F. Cummings

161 Pleasant St., So. Grafton, Mass.

MERRIWELL STORIES in TIP TOP WEEKLY BOUGHT & SOLD

Stories of Frank & Dick Merriwell, and Tip Top Weekly, are my specialty. Have hundreds in good condition at reasonable prices. Send want list.

GUINON, Box 214, Little Rock, Ark.

MEMBERSHIP CHANGES

114. William L. Newman, 23 W. Washington Sq., Chicago, Ill. (New address)
237. Gerald Goldsman, 350 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. (New member)
238. Harry L. Lane, 11808 Findlay Ave., Detroit 5, Mich. (New member)
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252. Charles K. Emerson, 478 Manheim Ave., Bridgeton, N. J. (New member)
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GOOD OLD DIME NOVEL DAYS

How I Became A Dime Novel Hound

One day as a boy, nearing the reading age, I was fussing for lack of entertainment when my brother tossed me a copy of TIP TOP weekly and as it happened, it was No. 1 with a bright cover showing Frank Merriwell repelling the attack of a big, rabid dog. I read the novel and became fascinated and a steady reader of this weekly until Brother Dick took over, whom I could not go and I dropped it.

Mr. Standish-Patten, the author, must have been a remarkable young man, only in his twenties, to turn out such a prodigious quantity of these novels and other short stories every week and I still marvel at his knowledge of the wide world and its customs which he described so well; vast regions he had never seen and it would have been a tremendous task to dig it out of cyclopedias even if he could find the information. South America, London, India, Africa and other regions, even to slaying a frenzied bull in a Spanish corrida. A wonderful series and while boys in those days were forbidden such reading I have retained all my life the good principles taught us in Tip Top. I am now sorry I did not go and look up Mr. Patten and make his acquaintance while he lived, as he was but a day's drive distant from where I live.

I also liked Red, White & Blue, stories of the Civil War, mainly because they were laid in a region of much interest to me, as one section

of them was of the vicinity near Harper's Ferry and the Shenandoah valley which I have since visited many times, searching for the old war time aura of which scarcely a trace remains but I would think of how Phil Sterling scouted the region. It is a beautiful country and anyone who has not been there should surely go and see it.

For many years I scarcely saw a dime novel, then I obtained a few early copies of Secret Service from an antiques dealer, a variety which I had hardly ever read and interest flared up again. I like Old King Brady and love to live over his experiences with him and pick these up whenever I can find them at reasonable prices.

I send my best regards to your Round-Up and all its readers with the hope that it will thrive as long as we all shall live.

—Ralph T. Barney,
Canaan, N. H.

NEWSY NEWS

Ralph F. Cummings

161 Pleasant St., So. Grafton, Mass.

"Dime Novel's Centenary" came out in "Candid Shots" on the old Dime Novels. Westbrok Pegler brought out "Trite But True Blue," a fine article on Dick and Frank Merriwell and Tip Top. This one appeared in the Florida Times Uni n, July 7, 1962. Charles Duprez sent me a clipping on Richard Armour's Almanac, January 1961, has 16 lines in it on Beadles Novels. Ralph Adimari sent in N. Y. World Telegram

FOR SALE

200 Pluck and Luck, small reprints	35c each
200 New Buffalo Bill Weeklies	35c each
200 Tip Top Weeklies	50c each
150 New Tip Top Weeklies	40c each
150 Merriwell Series, Burt L. Standish Libraries	50c each

ELI A. MESSIER

Box 1122

Woonsocket, R. I.

Jan. 24th, 1962, "Englishman Collected Bills of West: Pawnee, Buffalo," by Edward Ellis, which has the Pawnee Bill and Buffalo Bill show bills in them. Antique Airplanes, Vol. 1 No. 1, 1961. Pub. by the Sharon Pub. Corp., Derby, Conn., has a full page picture of Happy Days #389, Jack Wright, The Boy Inventor, on page 43 from the Ed Levy collection. Real West Mag., also published in Derby, Conn., has a lot of fine dime and nickel novel illustrations in it, so as a feller says, every so often something on the old dime and nickel novels and their authors appear in various papers.

Harold Poare, 5116 Jaysue St., Anderson, Ind., wants Dave Porter Series, the ones he wants are light yellow or gold cloth bounds with gold title on front and spine and a shield on lower left hand cover and in the shield the word Dave Porter Series. Harold has met Mr. and Mrs. Learnard who in turn brought Harold and his wife out here. On their way home they stopped in to see the Keith Thompsons.

George Fronval, 82 Rue La Fontaine, Paris, France, is a new member to the Happy Hours Bro., and Dime Novel Roundup, And does he like the American Dime and Nickel Novels, Weeklies and Libraries of same, he loves the pictures, and who doesn't?? He also gets for his collection Real West, Frontier Times, Montana, Arizona Highways, Texas Parade, The Western Horseman, The Pony Express, American Heritage and others. He also has a lot of French novels too—if any one wants any he'll trade, or sell. Says he found my name in an old copy of The Collector's Miscellany.

Fantastic Universe Mag. for Feb. 1960 has a full page spread of Frank Reade Library #108, also a full page spread of Happy Days too.

WANTED

One AMERICAN TALES (Tousey)

David Edelberg

5526 S. Cornell, Chicago 37, Ill.

WANTED

I need Tip Top Numbers 1, 27 and 28. Will pay \$5.00 to \$10.00 for No. 1 and \$3.00 to \$6.00 for Nos. 27 and 28, dependent upon edition and condition. Or, will offer liberal trade in various scarce novels, such as Klondike Kit, James Boys, Snaps, etc., etc.—you name it.

I also need Tip Top Magazine 1915—Aug. 25, Oct. 10, 25, Nov. 10, 25 and Top Notch Magazine 1930—1st May, 1st June, and 2nd Aug.

Will purchase or trade early Tip Top Weekly or 1929, 1930 Top Notch containing Merriwell stories.

I have many Tip Top Weekly and various old boys books and old pulp magazines for sale at reasonable prices. Want lists solicited. Information on request.

H. K. HUDSON

3300 San Bernadino Street, Clearwater, Fla.

DIME AND NICKEL NOVELS

- 50 Nickel Library between #600 and 921, average to good, \$50.00.
Sample, \$1.50.
- 20 Beadle's Boys' Library (small size), between #35 and 266, \$30.
Sample, \$2.00. Average to good.
- 20 Little Chief Library, between #18 and 277, fair only, \$10.00.
Sample, \$1.00.
- 10 Beadle's Pocket Library, between #166 and 439, average, \$15.00.
Sample, \$1.50.
- 10 Gem Library, good, \$15.00. Samples, fair only, 2 for \$1.00.
One each of these rare ones—Cricket Library and Golden Library,
both for \$4.00.
- 10 thick books by Hemyng (no Harkaways), \$5.00 (paper cov.)
10 thick books—Jack Harkaways—\$5.00 (Paper cover).
10 thick books—Adventure Library—\$5.00 (Paper cover).
Snaps #21, 22, 24, 27, 44, 48, 57, 64, 68, 70. \$2.50 each.
Old Cap Collier #4, 6, 86. (Original 10c edition, small), \$2.50 each.
Golden Weekly (Tousey story paper). Singles, 75c each.
Red Raven Library. \$2.00 each. Handsome color covers.
Wide Awake Library #183, 184. Chips and Chin Chin. Complete in
extra page issues, illustrated. \$3.00.
Wide Awake Library #281, 282. Shoo-Fly. Complete. \$3.00.
Wide Awake Library #217, 218. Stump. Complete. \$3.00.
Wide Awake Library #434. Shorty in Search of his Dad. Big 48
page issue, illustrated. \$2.00.
Wide Awake Library #620. Coal Mine Tom (1884. Novel of the
Molly Maguires). \$2.00.
Wide Awake Library #1172. The Demon of the Deep. \$2.00.
Wide Awake Library #1210. Denver Dan and His Chums. \$1.50.
Wide Awake Library #1278. The Sea Fiends. \$2.00.
Reading package. Junk lot of Wide Awake Library, including some
scarcer numbers. Read and throw away. 10 for \$2.50.
Secret Service (Large size). 10 above #1000, \$7.50.
Pluck & Luck (Large size). 20 above #1050, \$15.00.
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